

" Feringhi medicine " is all they care for, and
in their eyes
every Feringhi is a *Hciklm*.

I have often wondered that the Moslem
contempt for
women does not prevent even the highest
chiefs from
seeking a woman's medical help, hut their
own *Hakims*,
of whom there are a few, though I have
never seen any,
are mostly women, and the profession is
hereditary. The
men, they say, are too unsettled to be
HaMms. Some of
these women are renowned for their skill
as bullet
extractors. If a father happens to have any
medical
knowledge he communicates it to his
[daughter rather
than to his son. Aziz's grandmother learned
medicine
from a native Indian doctor in Pars, and his
mother had
a repute as a bullet extractor. A woman
extracted the
three bullets by which he has been
wounded. The
" fees" are very high, but depend entirely
on the cure.
A poor man pays for the extraction of a
bullet and the
cure of the wound from fifteen to twenty
tumans (from
£5 to £6 :10s.), a rich man from forty to
sixty. In all
cases they only give medicine so long as they
think there
is hope of recovery, and have no knowledge
of any
treatment which can alleviate the sufferings of
the dying.
When death seems inevitable they stuff the
nose with a
paste made of aromatic herbs.

They dress wounds with an astringent
paste made
from a very small gall-nut found on one
species of oak.
For dyspeptic pains and " bad blood " they
eat bitumen.
For snake-bite, which is common, they keep

the bitten
person moving about and apply the back
part of live
hens to the wound till the hens cease to be
affected, or else
the intestines of a goat newly killed. For
rheumatism,
headache, and debility they have no
remedies, but for
fever they use an infusion of willow bark,
which is not
efficacious. They have great faith in amulets
and charms,
and in chewing and swallowing verses of
the Koran in